## The Ohio Democrat

BREHM & WHITE, Publisher. LOGAN, :

AT THE LAST. A little one played among the flowers, In the blush and bloom of summer hours, she twined the buds in a garland fair, And bound them up in her siming hair. "Ah me," said she, "how happy 1'il be When ten years more have gone over me And I am a maiden, with youth's brig glow. Flushing my cheek and lighting my brow!

A maiden mused in a pleasant room,
Where the air was filled with a soft perfum
Vases were near of antique mold,
Beautiful pictures rare and old,
And she, of all the loveliness there,
Was by far the lovellest and mo-t fair.
"Ah mai" sighed she, "how happy I'll be
When my heart's true love comes home
me:

me; Light of my life, my spirit's pride, I count the days till thou reach my side."

A mother bends over a cradle nest, Where sae soothed ner babe to his smills Where she soothed her babe to his smiling rest,
"Sleep well," she murmured soft and low, And she pressed her kisses on his brow.
"Oh, child, sweet child! how happy I'll be If the good God lets thee stay with me Till later on, in life's evening hour.
Thy strength shall be my strength and tower."

place; a few hens loitering about the new hen-house, a brood of half-grown chick-ens picking in the grass and watching the door, and a runty pig tied to a "stob," were the only signs of thrift; yet the face of the woman cleared up as she gazed about her and afar off where the gleam

about her and afar off where the gleam of green made a pleasant spot, where the corn grew in the river bottom, for it was her home, and the best of all was she thought it belonged to them.

A rumble of distant thunder caught her ear, and she stepped down and took a well-worn garment from the clothes-line, stretched between two dogwood forks, and having, after a keen glance down the path through the bushes, satisfied herself that no one was in sight, she returned to the house, and the baby's voice rose louder than before. The mother, as she set out her ironing-table, raised a dirge-like hymn, which she chanted, partly from habit and partly in self-defense. She ironed carefully the ragged shirt she had that have from the line, and then, after well-worn garment from the clothes-line, stretched between two dogwood forks, and having, after a keen glance down the path through the bushes, satisfied herself that no one was in sight, she returned to the house, and the baby's voice rose louder than before. The mother, as she set out her ironing-table, raised a dirge-like hymn, which she chanted, partly from habit and partly in self-defense. She froned carefully the ragged shirt she had just taken from the line, and then, after some search, finding a needle and cotton, she drew a chair to the door and proceeded to mend the garment.

"Dis de on'les' shut Ole 'Stracted got," she said, as if in apology to herself for

she said, as if in apology to herself for she said, as if in apology to herself for being so careful.

The cloud slowly gathered over the pines in the direction of the path; the towls carefully tripped up the path, and after a prudent pause at the hole, disappeared one by one within; the chickens picked in a gradually contracting circuit, and finally one or two stole furtively to cabin door, and after a brief recognizance

came in, and fluttered up the ladder to the loft, where they had been born, and yet roosted. Once more the baby's voice precame in, and fluttered up the ladder to the loft, where they had been born, and yet roosted. Once more the baby's voice prevailed, and once more the woman went to the door, and, looking down the path, screamed: "Awe, little Ephum! awe, little Ephum!" awe, little Ephum! awe, little Ephum!"

came the not very distant answer from the bushes.

"Why 'n't you come 'long heah, boy, an'
Fock dis chile?"

rock dis chile?"
"Yes, 'm, I comin'," came the answer.
She waited, watching, until there emerged
from the bushes a queer little caravan,
headed by a small brat, who staggered under the weight of another apparently
nearly as large and quite as black as himself, while several more of various degrees
of diminutiveness struggled along behind.
"Ain't you heah me callin' you, boy?
You better come when I call you. I'll tyah
you all to pieces!" pursue! the woman, in
the angriest of keys, her countenance,
appearing unruffled. The head of the
caravan stooped and deposited his burden
carefully on the ground; then with a
comical look of mingled alarm and penitence, he slowly approached the door, comical look of mingled alarm and peni-tence, he slowly approached the door, keeping his eye watchfully on his mother, and picking his opportunity, slipped in past her, dodging skillfully just en nugh to escape a blow which she aimed at him, and which would have "slapped him flat" had it struck him, but which, in truth, was intended merely to warn and keep him in wholesome fear, and was purposely aimed high enough to miss him, allowing for the certain dodge.

n dodge. culprit, having stifled the whimper The culprit, having stifled the whimper with which he was prepared, flung hims lift on the foot of the rough plank cradle, and began to rock it violently and noisily using one leg as a lever, and singing an accompaniment, of which the only words that rose above the noise of the rockers were: "By-a-by, don't you cry; go to sleep, little baby;" and sure enough the baby stopped crying and went to sleep. Eph watched his mammy furtively as she scraped away the ashes and laid the thick pone of dough on the hearth, and shoveled the hot ashes upon it. Supper would be ready directly, and it was time to propitiate her. He bethought himself of a message.

of a message.

"Mammy, Ole 'Stracted say you must bring he shut: he say he marster comin' to-night."

"How he say he is?" inquired the wom-

"How he say he is?" inquired the woman, with some interest.

"He ain say—jes say he want he shut. He sutny is comical—he layin' down in de baid." Then having relieved his mind, Eph went to sleep in the cradle.

"'Layin' down in de baid?' "quoted the woman to herself as she moved about the room. "I 'ain' nuver hearn' bout dat befo.' Dat sutny is a comical ole man anyways. He say he used to live on dis plantation, an' yit he al'ays talkin' 'bout de gret house an' de fine kerridges dee used to have, an' 'bout he marster comin' to buy him back. De 'ain' nuver been no gret house on dis place, not sence I know nuttin 'bout it, 'sep de overseer house whar dat man live. I heah Ephum say Aunt Dinah tell him de ole house whar used to be on de hill whar dat gret oak tree is in de pines bu'nt down de year he wuz born, spell. The chicken was done now, and dat man live. I heah Ephum say Aunt Dinah tell him de ole house whar used to be on de hill whar dat gret oak tree is in de pines bu'nt down de year he wuz born, an' he ole marster had to live in de overseer house, an' hit break he heart, an' dee teck all he niggers, an' dat's de way he come to blongst to we all; but dat ole man ain' know nuttin 'bout dat house, 'cause it bu'nt down. I wonder whar he did come from?' she pursued, 'an' what he sho' 'nough name?' He sholy couldn't been named 'Ole 'Btracted,' jes so; dat ain' no name 'tail. 'Yit of he ain' istracted, 'tain' nobody is. He ain' even know his own name.' she continued presently. 'Say de marster 'll know him when he come—ain' know de folks is free; say he marster gwi buy him back in de summer an' kyar him home, an' 'bout de money he gwine gi' him. Ef he got any money, I wonder helive down dyah in dat evil-spert hole.' 'And the woman glanced around with great complacency on the picture-pasted walls of her own by no means sumptuously furnished house. 'Money!' she repeated aloud, as she began to rake in the ashes. 'He 'ain' got nuttin. I got to kyar him piece o' dis bread now," and she went off into a dream of what they

would do when the big crop on their land should be all in, and the last payment made on the house; of what she would wear, and how she would dress the children, and the appearance she would make at meeting, not reflecting that the sum they had paid on the property had never, even with all their stinting, amounted in any one year to more than a few dollars over the rent charged for the place, and that the eight hundred dollars yes due on it was more than they could make at the present rate in a lifetime.

"Et Ephum jes had a mule, or even somebody to help him," she thought, "but he 'ain' got not brurs, an' he deddy took 'way an' sold down Soul de same time my ole marster whar dead buy him; dat's what I al'ays hear 'em say, an' I know he's dead long beto' dis, 'cause I heah em say dese Virginian inggers carn stan' hit long deah, hit so hot, hit frizzle 'em up, an' I reckon he die befo' he cle marster, whar I heah say die of a broked heart torectly after deetek he niggers an' sell'em befo' he face. I heah Aunt Dinah say dat, an' dat he might'ly sot on he ole servants, spressaly on Ephum deddy, whar named Little Ephum an' whar used to wait on him. Dis mus' 'a been a grat place dem days, 'cordin' to what dee say." She went on: "Dee say he sutuy live strong, wuz jes rich as cream, an' weahed he blue coat an' brass buttons, an' lived in datole house whar wuz up whar de pines is now, an' whar bu'nt down, like he owned de wull. An' now look at it; dat man own it

something was wrong. He dropped into a chair, and sat in moody silence, the picture of fatigue, physical and mental. After waiting for some time, she asked, indifferently: What de matter?"

"Dat man."
"What he done do now?" The query vas sharp with suspicion.
"He say he ain' gwine let me have my

his surrender, but prepared only to com-

"He say he gwine teck all dat for de rent, an' dat he gwine drive Ole 'Stracted 'way, too."
"He ain' nuttin tut po' white trash!"

He knew it was gone now, but he had been in the habit of calling it his in the past three years, and it did him good to

claim the ownership a little longer

claim the ownership a little longer.

"I wonder whar Marse Johnny is?" said the woman. He was the son of her former owner; and now, finding her proper support failing her, she instinctively turned to him. "He wouldn' let him turn we all out."

"He 'ain' got nuttin', an' ef he is, he kyarn git it in a week," said Ephraim.

"Kyarn you teck it in de co't?"

"Dat's whar he say he gwine have it ef I don' git out," said her husband, despair-in 'ly.

in ly. Her last defense was gone.

"Ain' you hongry!" she inquired.
"What you got?"
"I jes gwine kill a chicken for you."
It was her nearest approach to tenderness, and he knew it was a mark of special attention, for all the chickens and eggs had for the past three years gone to swell the fund which was to buy the home, and it was only on special occasions that near the same of the past three years gone to swell the fund which was to buy the home, and it was only on special occasions that near

had for the past three years gone to swell the fund which was to buy the home, and it was only on special occasions that one was spared for food.

The news that he was to be turned out of his home had fallen on him like a blow, and had stunned him; he could make no resistance, he could form no plans. He went into a rough estimate as he waited. "Le' me see: I done wuck for it three years dis Chrismas done gone; how much does dat meck?"

"An' fo' dollars, an' five dollars, an' two dollars an' a half last Christmas from de chickens, an' all dem ducks I done sell he wife, an' de washin' I been doin' for 'em; how much is dat?" supplemen ed his wife. "Dat's what I say!"

His wife endeavored vainly to remember the amount she had been told it was; but the unaccounted-for washing changed the sum and destroyed her reliance on the result. And as the chicken was now approaching perfection, and required her undivided attention, she gave up the arithmetic and applied herself to her culinary duties.

Ephraum also abandoned the attempt.

arithmetic and applied herself to her culinary duties.

Ephraim also abandoned the attempt, and waited in a reverie, in which he saw corn stand so high and rank over his land that he could scarcely distinguish the balk, and a table and barn and a mule, or may be two—it was a possibility—and two cows which his wife would milk, and a green wagon driven by his boys, while he took it easy and gave orders like a master, and a clover patch, and wheat, and he saw the yellow grain waving, and heard his sons sing the old harvest song of "Cool Water" while they swung their cradles, and—

cradles, and—
"You say he gwine turn Ole 'Stracted out two?" inquired his wife, breaking the spell. The chicken was done now, and her mind reverted to the all-engrossing

"Silegy well," she murmured soft and low. And she presed her likes on his brown. The she was also been as a beautiful to the state of the sact of the

wife and boy had been sold to some other person at the same time for \$1,200 (he was particular as to the amount), and that his master was coming in the summer to buy him back and take him home, and would bring him his wife and child when he came. Every thing since that day was a blank to him, and as he could not tell the name of his master or wife, or even his own name, and as no one was left old enough to re-member him, the neighborhood having been entirely deserted after the war, he member him, the neighborhood having been entirely deserted after the war, he simply passed as a harmless old lunatic laboring under a delusion. He was devoted to children, and Ephraim's small brood were his chief delight. They were not at all afraid of him, and whenever they got a chance they would slip off and steal down to his house, where they might be found any time squatting about his feet listening to his accounts of his expected visit from his master, and what he was going to do afterward. It was all of a great plantation, and fine carriages and horses, and a house with his wife and the boy.

This was all that was known of him, ex-

This was all that was known of him, except that once a stranger, passing through the country, and hearing the name Ole 'Stracted, said that he heard a similar one once, long before the war, in one of the Louisiana parishes, where the man roamed at will, having been bought of the trader by the gentleman who owned him, for a

"He ain' nuttin but po' white trash!"

It expressed her supreme contempt.

"He say he'll gi' me jes one week mo' to pay him all he ax for it," continued he, forced to a correction by her intense feeling, and the instinct of a man to defend the absent from a woman's attack, and perhaps in the hope that she might suggest some escape.

"He ain' nuttin sep po' white trash!" she repeated. "How you gwine raise eight hundred dollars at once? Dee kyarn him, with exactness born of apprehen-

"Well? I 'feared he sick."

"I ain't nuver been in dyah."
"Ain' de chil'n been in dyah?"
"Dee say 'stracted folks oon hu't

"Dat ole man con hu't nobody; he jes "Dat ole inan con nut nobody; he jes tame as a ole tomcat."

"I wonder he ain' feared to live in dat lonesome ole house by hisself. I jes lieve stay in a graveyard at once. I ain' wonder folks say he see sperrits in dat hanty-lookin' place." She came up by her husband's side at the suggestion. "I wonder he don' go home."

wonder he don'go home."

"What he got any home to go to sep
Heaven?" said Ephraim.

"What was you' mammy name,
Ephum?"

Ephum?"
"Mymy," said he simply.
They were at the cabin now, and a brief
pause of doubt ensued. It was perfectly
dark inside the door, and there was not a pause of doubt ensued. It was perfectly dark inside the door, and there was not a sound. The bench where they had heretofore held their only communication with their strange neighbor was lying on its side in the weeds, which grew up to the very walls of the ruinous cabin, and a lizard suddenly ran over it, and with a little rustle disappeared under the rotting ground-sill. To the woman it was an ill omen. She glanced furtively behind her, and moved nearer her husband's side. She notice I that the cloud above the pines was getting a faint yellow tinge on its lower border, while it was very black above them. It filled her with dread, and she was about to call her husband's notice to it, when a voice within arrested their attention. It was very low, and they both listened in awed silence, watching the door meanwhile as if they expected to see something supernatural spring from it.

"Nem min'—jes wait—'tain so long now—he'll be heah torectly," said the voice.
"Dat's what he say—gwine come home an' hun ma hack—'alon we way he how."

—he'll be heah torectly," said the voice.
"Dat's what he say—gwine come home an' buy me back—len we gwine home."

In their endeavor to catch the words they moved nearer and made a slight noise. Suddenly the low, earnest tone changed to one full of engerness.

"Who dat?" was called in sharp in-

quiry.
"'Tain' nobody but me and Polly, Ole
'Stracted," said Ephraim, pushing the
door slightly wider open and stepping in.
They had an indistinct idea that the poor They had an indistinct idea that the poor deluded creature had fancied them his longed-for loved ones, yet it was a relief to see him bodily.

"Who you say you is?" inquired the old man, fe-shly.

"Me an' Polly."

"I done bring you shut home," said the woman, as if supplementing her husband's reply. "Hit all bran' clean, an' I done patch it."

"Oh. I thought—" said the voice sadly.

repry. Int all train clean, and I done patch it."

"Oh, I thought—" said the voice, sadly. They knew what he thought. Their eyes were now accustomed to the darkness, and they saw that the only article of furniture which the room contained was the wretched bed or bench on which the old man was stretched. The light sifting through the chinks in the roof lenabled them to see his face, and that it had changed much in the last twenty-four hours, and an instinct told them that he was near the end of his long waiting.

waiting.
"How is you, Ole 'Stracted?" asked the woman. "Dat ain' my name," answered the old man, promptly. It was the first time he had ever disowned his name.
"Well, how is you, Ole— What I gwine call you!" asked she, with feeble finesse.
"I don' know—he kin tell you."
"Who?"

"Who?"

"Who?"

"Who?"

"Who? Marster. He know it. Ole

'Stracted ain' know it; but dat ain' nuttin. He know it—got it set down in de

book. I jes waitin' for em now."

A hush fell on the little audience—they

were in full sympathy with him, and
knowing no way of expressing it, kept
silence. Only the breathing of the old

man was audible in the room. He was
evidently nearly the end. "I mighty tired
of waitin'," he said, pathetically. "Look
out dyah and see of you see anybody," he
added, suddenly.

Both of them obeyed, and then returned and stood silent; they could not tell him

Presently the woman said: "Don' you "What did you say my name was?" he

Presently the woman said: "Don' you warn put you' shut on?"

"What did you say my name was?" he said.

"Ole 'Str—" She paused at the look of pa'n on his face, shifted unensily from one foot to the other, and relapsed into embarrassed silence.

"Nem min' dee'll know it—dee'l know me 'dout any name, con dee?" He appealed wistfully to them both. The woman for answer unfolded the shirt. He moved feebly as if in assent.

"I so tired waitin'," he whispered—"done 'mos gin out, an' he con come; but I thought I heah little Eph to-day?" There was a faint inquiry in his voice.

"Yes, he wuz heah."

"Wuz he?" The languid form became in stantly slert, the tired face took on a look of eagor expectancy. "Heah, gi' my stut quick. I knowed it. Wait; go over dyah, son, and git me dat money. He'll be heah torrectly." They thought his mind wandered, and merely followed the direction of his eyes with theirs. "Go over dyah quick—don't you heah me?"

And to humor him Ephraim went over to the corner indicated.

"Retch up dyah, an' run you' hand in onder de second jice. It's all in dyah," he said to the woman—"twelve hundrad dollars—dat's what dee went for. I wucked night an' day forty years to save that money for marster; you know dee teck all he land an' all he niggers an' tu'n him out in de ole fiel'? I put 'tin dyah 'ginst he come. You ain' know he comin' dis evenin' is you? Heah, help me on wid dat shut, gal—I stan'in heah talkin' an' maybe ole marster waitin'. Push de do' open so you kin see. Forty years ago," he murmured, as Polly jambed the door back and returned to his side—"forty years ago dee come an' levelled on me: marster suthy did cry. "Nem min',' he say, I comin' right down in de summer to buy you back an' bring you home. He's comin' too—nuver tol' me a lie in his life—comin' dis evenin'. Make' aste." This in tremulous eagerness to the woman, who had involuntarily caught the feeling, and was now with eager and ineffectual haste trying to button his shirt.

An exclamation from her husband caused her to turn around, as be trying to button his shirt.

An exclamation from her husband

an excumnation from her husband caused her to turn around, as he stepped into the light and held up an old sock filled with something.
"Heah, hol' you' apron." said the old man to Polly, who gathered up the lower corners of her apron and stood nearer the bed.

"Po' it in dyah." This to Ephraim, who "Po' it in dyah." This to Ephraim, who mechanically obeyed. He pulled off the string, and poured into his wife's lap the heap of glittering coin—gold and silver more than their eyes had ever seen before. "Hit's all dyah," said the old man, confidentially, as if he were rendering an account. "I been savin' it ever sence dee took me 'way. I so busy savin' it I ain' had time to eat, but I ain' hongry now; have plenty when I get home." He sank back exhausted. "Oon marster be glad to see me?" he asked, presently, in pathetic simplicity. "You know we growed up toger? I been waitin' so long I'feared dee 'mos' done forgit me. You reckon dee is?" he asked the woman, appealing.

he asked the woman, appealing.
"No, suh, dee 'ain forgit you,' she said, "No, suh, dee 'ain forgit you," she said, comfortingly.
"I know dee ain'," he said, reassured.
"Dat's what he tell me—be ain' nuver gwine forgit me." The reaction had set in, and his voice was so feeble now it was scarcely audible. He was talking rather to himself than to them, and finally he sank into a doze. A painful silence reigned in the little hut, in which the only some was the breathing of the dving reigned in the little hut, in which the only sound was the breathing of the dying man. A single shaft of light stole down under the edge of the slowly passing cloud and slipped up to the door. Suddenly the sleeper waked with a start, and gazed around.

"Hit gittin' mighty dark," he whispered, faintly. "You reckon dee'll git heah 'to' dark?"

The light was dwing from his even.

'fo' dark?''
The light was dying from his eyes.
"Ephum," said the woman, softly, to her husband.
The effect was electrical.
"Heish! you heah dat?" exclaimed the dying man, eagerly.
"Ephum—" she repeated. The rest was drowned by Ole 'Stracted's joyous exclamation:

mation:
"Gord! I knowed it!" be cried, suddenly "Gord! I knowed it!" he cried, suddenly rising upright, and, with beaming face, stretching both arms toward the door. "Dyah dee come! Now watch 'em smile. All y'all jes stand back. Heah de one you lookin' for. Marster—Mymy—heah's little Ephum!" And with a smile on his face he sank back in his son's arms.

The evening sun, dropping on the instant to his setting, flooded the room with light; but as Ephraim gently eased him down and drew his arm from around him, it was the light of the unending morning

it was the light of the unending morning that was on his face. His Master had at last come for him, and after his long waiting Ole 'Stracted had indeed gone home.—Thomas Nelson Page, in Harper's Magazine.

SINGING AND DRAMA.

Richard Wagner's Bellef That Men Sang Before They Spoke. The operatic convention by which an expiring personage may sing and continue singing for some little time (not for twenty minutes, as in "Tristan and Isolde") is no more remarkable, singing being once admitted as a dramatic language, than the analogous one which, in the spoken drama, permits all heroes and heroines of tragedy to declaim before they die. To those who refuse to accept the essential conditions of operatic art almost every thing that takes place in a musical drama must seem ridiculous. In all forms of art there are certain inevitable postulates and for lyrico-dramatic purpose it must be taken for granted that singing is as natural to a man as speaking. Wagner, in one of the most striking passages of opera and drama, seriously maintains hat men sang before they spoke; or, at least, that they have uttered cries of emotion before they learned to express their wants in detail and with precision. As a matter of fact, the children of the present day begin their utterances not singing, but by shricking. It is difficult, however, to say where one kind of a cry ends and the other begins: and if the original language of man is not song, neither is it verse, nor the epigrammatic prose of well written comedy. Once, on the other hand, admit song as a stage language, and the tones of passion may be reproduced with all the intensity and force that music can give; and we acquire a form of drama through which much larger audiences can be more effectively addressed than through the spoken drama -in which an assembly, a body of troops or any crowd can join with voices and

An Arithmetical Chestnut.

and not with gestures only in the action of the piece, and in which various per-

sons can, without perplexing the audi-

ence, utter similar or diverse sentiments

at the same time. -St. James Gazette.

"There were three boys engaged in selling apples. Two of them had 30 apples each, and the third had 60 apples, or exactly as many as the other wo put together. The first boy sold his apples at two for one cent, and therefore took in 15 cents. The second sold his apples at three for one cent, and therefore took in 10 cents. The two together took in 25 cents. But the third boy sold his 60 apples at five for two cents, and therefore only took in 24 cents. How can this be accounted for? To sell five apples for two cents ought to bring in as much as to sell two of them for one cent, and the other three for another cent; but it seems that it does not, if different people own the two apples and the three." I am still pondering this perplexing situation, and am hoping to discover some important application of it in my private finances.—Chicago Journal. GETTING BACK THE HOMES.

The Republican Party Belleved in Giving Away the Land to Great Corporations and the Democratic Party Is Reclaim ing It for the People.

It was the Republican party which naugurated the wholesale giving away of the homes of the people, in the vast areas of good land added to our domain by the Democratic party. It is often said that the Democrats began the policy, and the land given by the State of Illinois to the Illinois Central has been held up as a frightful example. But that was not a gift. The consideration was a heavy annual tax which has been and still is faithfully paid, and the taxes thus saved to the people have reimbursed them over and over again for the original investment.

It was the Republicans who inaugurated giving the lands directly to the corporations in large slices and letting asks us for the record. them keep them whether they ever built the roads or not. The extent to turning Board, but he was intimately which this has been done has often concerned in the concoction of the been made public, but it will be a long time before the theme will grow old. and the tool and creature of William Here is a brief list of a few of the worst Pitt Kellogg, Jewett served in the ca-6,000,000 acres

Jim Wilson's slice) 41.000 acres 12,000,000 acres 48,000,215 acres 14,000,000 acres n on Pacific...... orthern Pacific... 49,000,000 acres

.133,403,026 acres This is almost exactly four times as much land as the State of Iowa con- lent protests that were attached to the Think of the happy homes it would make for the miserable toilers apparent that the Louisiana Returning crowded in our large cities. Think of Board was to decide the election. His how much anarchy and rioting and un- testimony before the Potter Investirest it would save by relieving the crowded centers of population of their

pressure. But this is not all. In his recent speech at Koesauqua, Mr. L. A. Palmer, of Mt. Pleasant, said:

Paimer, of Mt. Pleasant, said:

The vast areas taken by railroads are only part of the maiadministration of the millioncire leaders of the Republican party. When the Administration of President Cleveland began it was reported that immense tracts of land had been allowed by past Secretaries of the Interior to slip into the hands of wealthy kings whose baronies of land covered by mutitude of cattle controlled by cattle barons who were as insolent as they were wealthy.

In the report of Commissioner Sparks the In the report of Commissioner Sparks the following startling facts come to light: During the last nineteen months 375 actions or suits have been brought to the attention of the land department. Of these, thirty-five cases have been decided. These decisions turn back into the public domain 1,340,000 acres. Fences are being removed which enclosed 2,714,236 acres.

But the report says further that the syndicates and corporations trespassing and holding these lands are so powerful that it will take some years to remove them all. There is probably twice as much land inclosed by them as is shown by the foregoing report.

Already the Domograts have reversed

Already the Democrats have reversed this wicked policy and restored millions of acres, and millions of homes. to the people to whom they belong, and for whom they were acquired by the Democrats of past generations. Who can refuse to thank them for it? Let not those who have homes forget to be thankful for good to those who have none. "The poor ye have always with you," and the best way to help them is to give them homes and fertile fields in which to dig and delve and find their own living. The following telegram shows that the Democratic policy is to be still pursued as long as the Democrats are given the power to do it:

power to do it:

The Interior Department has in contemplation a plan by which the efforts to forfeit the uncarned land grants, which were unsuccessful in Congress, may be successful through departmental action. The law officers of the land office have the subject now under consideration, and if the plan shall meet the approval of the Secretary or the Interior it will be put into operation. Some time ago the Interior Department decided that no land grant road should be considered to have earned its grants until it had filed a corrected plat of the entire road and of the granted land claimed. Proceeding from this decision as a basis, it is suggested that a suit may lie basis, it is suggested that a suit may lie against the Northern Pacific road, in which the Government will maintain that it is not entitled to any of the land which it claims; for instance in the grant from Duluth to Puget's Sound, because these lands were not earned, and the perfected plat for that part of the route was not filed within the time prescribed. This theory proceeds, of course, from the assumption that the road could not earn any of the lands if it did not return the whole grant, and on this theory the Secretary of the Interior will doubtless be asked to clear the lands forfeited and open to settle ment.—Des Moines Leader.

EXPOSURE OF ROUNDS.

An Extravagant, Careless Public Printer Whose Friends Fattened from the Gov-

ernment's Funds. Some of these days there will be a ex-Public Printer Rounds managed to squander the public money. .Ink and other supplies are now being purchased for one-half or one-fourth the sum Rounds paid for articles that were inferior in quality to the new supplies. Of 15,000 pounds of ink purchased dur-ing the last year of Mr. Rounds' administration four-lifths of it cost from \$2 to \$5 per pound. Mr. Benedict does not pay over \$1.50 per pound for any ink now, and most of it he buys for less. He invites competition, and buys in the cheap-est and best market. Mr. Rounds bought all his ink and some other supplies from his brother-in-law in Chi cago. Most of the supplies of various kinds he obtained either from or through his relatives and personal friends. When new printing-presses were wanted his son was made the unnecessary middleman through whom they were purchased. Some way was always found for a friend to make a commission, and much of the supplies were wasted or destroyed by not being properly kept. Printing-ink, for instance, which needed to be kept at a moderate temperature, was exposed to the weather when the thermometer was at zero, so that it was rendered use less. Printers' rollers, for which high prices were paid, are in stock to-day that never have been used and never can be used. They are as hard as the crust of a boy's heel that has been barefooted all the year. The workmen and foremen of Rounds' time are still there, and they readily admit all these things .- Washington Post.

What Have They to Show?

"The country is pretty nearly defenseless," said Congressman Thomas Reed in his speech at Young Men's Hall; "if England should put an ironclad in New York harbor she could lay the city under tribute." Right you are, Thomas; right as a trivet. But how came we so? From 1865, Thomas, when the war closed, until 1875, when the Democrats first got a foothold in the House of Representatives, you and your party, Thomas, had entire con-trol of the Government. During that ten years, Thomas, you and your party spent over \$359,000,000 on the navy to say nothing of your lavish expenditures in other departments. Wha did you do in all this time with all this money to protect the all this money to protect the country against the terrible state of

Government but the House of Representatives? Go to, Thomas, go to. Your picture of New York and Portland in danger from a foreign foe is plea of guilty to the indictment brought long since against you and your party for shameful maladministration of the Government, - Detroit Free Press.

THE "FRAUD" NOT DEAD. The Disgrace of 1876 Bevived Again in the Person of a Republican Candidate for the New Mexican Territorial Coun-

A friend and subscriber in Lincoln County, N. M., writes us that one D. J. M. A. Jewett is running as a Republican candidate for election to the Territorial Council. Our correspondent understands that this man was a member of the Louisiana Returning

Jewett was not a member of the Refraud. A carpet-bagger from Boston, Pitt Kellogg, Jewett served in the capacity of secretary of the Republican Election Committee. The famous cir-cular of Sept. 25, 1876, instructing the supervisors of registration in the sevral parishes just what Bepublican majority was expected of them, bore Jewett's signature. "You must obtain the results called for herein without fail,' he wrote. "Once obtained, your recognition will be ample and generous."

Later he drew up some of the frauduwith-held returns after it had become gating Committee in 1879 amounted to confession.

It is not necessary to go into the details of Jewett's operations in New Or-leans, for he himself has put on record documentary evidence of his notorious character. While the Potter investigation was in progress Jewett wrote to his old patron and master, Kellogg, a threatening letter, from which we extract the material passages:

tract the material passages:

St. James Hotel, Feb. 11, 1879.

My Dear Senator: Having missed you again at the Senate to-day, I send this, suggesting that you call at my room here (45 between the hours of ten and eleven to morrow.

'I do not propose to submit to the consequences of your devious action. I have screened the Administration and yourself in many things. Notwithstanding you have sworn that you did not draft the protest for Kelly, of Hichland Parish, etc., I have the original document in your writing and saw you write it. This is one of many pieces of documentary evidence which I hold upon you, which would close your political career very suddenly, if nothing worse befell you, I have withheld my knowledge of the frauds committed to carry Louisiana ostensibly for Packard; but if my friends are to be sacrificed by the Administration, I do not know why I should continue to do so. I much prefer to remain on friendly terms with you and the Administration, but my friends in Louisiana must be taken eare of, and my interests must be consulted in all political arrangements in that State. terests must be consulted in all political arrangements in that State.

I shall expect to see you to-merrow, within the hour named. If I do not see you I shall move immediately in opposition to your interests.

Yours truly,

D. M. J. A. JEWETT.

-N. Y. Sun.

A NORTHERN PARTY.

The Reason the Republicans Are "Suppressed" in the States of the South. The season is already far enough adanced to make it clear that the Republican party does not intend this

year to make any effort to extend itself beyond the States in which it at present exists. It is a Northern party as distinguished from a National party, and, if one may judge by appearances, it

proposes to remain such.

In the two Virginias, in North Carolina, in Kentucky, in Tennessee, in Arkansas and in Texas the party is or-ganized and is doing a good work to-ward educating the whites as well as the blacks up to the idea of political controversy, but in the other Southern States the party exists only in name, and in most of them does not go to the trouble even of making nominations. Occupying this attitude, Republicanism must take one horn or the other of the dilemma, which is presented. It must acknowledge that it is a sectional organization or it must cease lamenting the solidity of a South which it make no effort to disrupt. It is most effect-ually estopped from making the timeworn allegation that intimidation has driven the party out of existence, for the fact that there is a Republican party in some States and none in others is startling explosion of the way in which proof which can not be evaded that it is not intimidation which leaves the

party without an organization in many of the States.
With the case of Virginia, Tennessee and Arkansas before us, it is plain that where there is any disposition to have a Republican party in the South, it can be had. In Virginia, an ex-Confederate, with Northern assistance, had no difficulty in splitting up the Democrats and uniting one wing of them with the negroes in a scheme for the repudiation of the State debt un der the name of Republicanism. In Tennessee, two brothers, neither of whom figured in the war, are candidates for the Governorship on rival tickets, and at their meetings blacks as well as whites attend in great numbers. In Arkansas political freedom of action has been demonstrated by the appearance of a third, or farmers

party in the field. These are facts going to show that the reason why there is no Republican party in certain of the Southern States is because the leaders of that organization at the North do not want any there. The sectional idea is still held in abeyance. In a pinch it may have to be used. To use it there must be some States in which the party is "suppressed."—Chicago Herald.

-The man who is preaching a doctrine of hate and prejudice toward the negro, whose improved condition is now seen in the fact that he is begining to compete with white labor, poses before the country as the success Lincoln and Seward and Sumner, whose fondest dream was to see the freemen in just such a position as he now occupies. This is the inevitable tendency of Mr. Blaine's demagogue appeals to race prejudice in Pennsylvania. It is to turn the Republican party in that State against the black man, and to make it an "anti-nigger" party that he is laboring. What do the friends of the progressive black population of the South think of it?-Chi cago Herald.

-For a second time under Foraker's administration the great State of Ohio is approaching the verge of bankruptey. There will be a shortage of over \$250,000 in the State treasury by the close of the next quarter, and more bonds will have to be issued to meet current expenses. - Cincinnati quirer.

-The Democratic party has been all this money to protect the country against the terrible state of things you outline? What have you done in all the years since when you have controlled every branch of the Memphis Appeal PITH AND POINT.

-We are thinking seriously of ca-tablishing a poet's corner. It will be connected by a trap-door with the basement.—Burlington Free Press.

-"Spirit," says Emerson, "prima-rily means wind." Now we understand why a windy harrangue is referred to as a spirited address .-- Boston Transcript.

-A man must look up and be hopeful, says an exchange. How can he, with three plumbers working in the cellar and his wife housecleaning. - Day's Outing.

-A poet has discovered that it is always summer somewhere. Yes, and there is always a poet around to discover something that everybody always knew. - Philadelphia Call.

-Book Agent-Councilman, don't you want to buy an encyclopædia to-day? City Father—What do I want with such a thing? I'd break my neck the first time I rode it.—Chicago Ledger. -Isaac, instructing his son: "Ven you zell a coat to a man vot vants a coat, dot's nodding; but, ven you zell a coat to a man vot don't vant a coat, dot's peeziness, my boy."—N. Y. Mail.

-An editor with nine unmarried daughters was recently made justly in-dignant by the misconstruction his contemporaries put upon his able leader on "The Demand for More Men."-Peck's Sun. -Young man, it is well enough to be neat and tasteful in your dress, but it is

better to be more concerned as to the social set in which you move than about the set of your coat or pantaloons. --"I hate that man!" exclaimed Mrs. Upperbea. "I'd like to make his life miserable." "Tell you what," said her

husband warmly, "I'll send the villain an invitation to your musicale. torture him."—Burdette. -Some one is said to have invented a substance that can be seen through more clearly than glass. We don't

know what it can be unless it is a man's excuse to his wife for not returning home before 2 a. m. - New Haven News. -A down-town druggist has a parrot which he has taught to say "What a pretty girl!" whenever a woman, young or old, enters his store, and they woman, do say that a poor, weak man can hardly get into the store to buy a cigar on a fine afternoon.—Philadelphia Call.

-Farmer-Maria, there's a tramp sleeping in the wood-pile. Farmer's wife-Well, let him alone. He won't disturb anything-Yes, but he may have a nightmare and get up and split it all up. I couldn't stand the shock, Maria. Guess I'd better wake him.—*Tid-Bits*. -"Ann," said a landlady to her new girl, "when there's bad news, particuarly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It

may seem strange to you, Ann, but such things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."-N. Y. Telegram.

ALL ABOUT LACROSSE.

An Indian Game Which Has Become Popular in All Parts of the World.

There is no doubt that this game is of Indian origin. It was first seen by Europeans when the French explored the territory along the St. Lawrence river and the great lakes, in the seventeenth century. Among the Algonquin Indians the game was not merely a recreation, but a training school for young warriors, and they played it on the grassy meadows in the summer time, and on the ice in winter. They used a ball of stuffed skin, and a bat like a hickory stick with a net of reindeer hide attached to the curved part of it. The best-known Indian name of the was baggataway. Its present name was given to it by the French settlers of Canada, because of the similarity of the stick used in the game, in shape, to a Bishop's crosier. Lacrosse was adopted as a game by the white residents of Canada some forty years ago, but it did gain much popularity till about 1860, when the Montreal Club was organized. The game was first played in England in 1867, when a gentleman of Montreal took eighteen Indian players, of the Caughnawaga tribe, thither, who played it before large assemblies. The result was the organization of a number of Lacrosse clubs in England and Scotland, and the game is now very popular there. It was first introduced into the United States about three years later and the first club in this country was the Mo-hawk Lacrosse Club of Troy, N. Y. In 1879 the National Lacrosse Association was organized here. It would be im-possible, in our brief space, to give any synopsis of the rules of the game; these must be learned from a book on the subject, but we will outline briefly how the game is played. There are twentyfour contestants, twelve on each side, with the captains (not necessarily players) two umpires and a referee. The twenty-four players are each provided with a crosse. The two captains are not allowed to carry a crosse, their official work on the field being simply to "coach" the players. At each end of the field of play stands a goal, consisting of two posts, six feet high and six feet apart. These goals must be at least 125 yards apart, otherwise there is no restrictive rule on the length and with of the field. The Indians used a much larger field than any used in the game as adopted by white ball-players. The ball, which is of rubber, should weigh not over four ounces nor measare more than eight inches in circumference. The theory of the game is merely that each side strives to send the ball through the goal of the other side, and the side that does this the most times within a specified period wins the match. The players on each

Fattening Swine.

side stand at certain fixed points. The ball must not be handled in any way;

it must be picked up, carried or thrown

only by means of the crosse. This im-

plement, as now used, is a bent stick

covered with netting .- Chicago Inter-

Some years ago it was the custom. among farmers to keep their pigs over winter and fatten them the next fall. They would sell them during the winter, when they were from eighteen to twenty months old, at which time they were expected to weign from 450 to 500 pounds. Now it is found that a good pounds. Now it is found that a good spring pig can be made to weigh about 300 pounds the next winter, if well cared for and properly fed, and where this weight is reached it is plainly to be seen which plan is the more profitable. The younger the pig is, the less food it takes to make a pound of weight, and the food that would be required for the older hog the second year can much more profitably be given to a younger animal, as any farmer can find by trying the experiment.—National Live Stock Journal.